

# A newe balade made by Nicholas Bal

thorp which suffered in Calys the .xv. daie of marche. M.D.L.

When raging death with extreme paine  
Most cruelly assaulies my herte  
And when my flethe although in baine  
Doth feare the felinge of that smarte  
For when the swerde wil stop mi brette  
Then am I at the poynt of death

I call to minde the goodnes greate  
The father promised to vs al  
Howe that his sonne for vs shuld sweate  
water and bloud and drinke the gal  
And shuld lose the life he hathe  
To pacifie his fathers wrathe

And how we shuld by his sonnes death  
Knowe the fathers mind and wil  
And to preserue vs stil in faith  
His commaundementes to fulfil  
So that before where we were slaine  
By his bloud we might liue againe

And where in thousand yeres ther were  
Before the coming of this childe  
Want a man that came farre  
For lacke of knoweledge was begild  
As Pharaos people whiche did rebel  
Against Moyses deserting hel

But when the child had shed his bloud  
He made vs free wher we were bande  
He after was to vs so good  
To put vs in the promised lande  
and broughe vs from the lake so depe  
Wher he him selfe of vs take kepe

Then saide I streight vnto my flethe  
the vile carcas why doest thou fret  
that of this earthe art made so nesthe  
And naught thou art but wormes meat  
In the haue I no delyght  
For al is vexed in spyte

Thou haste me caused to offende  
In folowing muche thi fleshely wil  
But God willing now I shal amend

In token where of I do the kil  
Because thou woldest not haue hi forgene  
thi shameful fauts while thou might liue

Thou didest thi selfe so muche esteeme  
thou madest thi spirite the to obeie  
But thi rewarde is as I deme  
Streight from the spirit now to decaille  
and from the world thou shalt now turne  
And be a subiecte to the worne

As for my spirite I trust he shal  
Amonge the auncient fathers slepe  
Readie when the Lord doth cal  
his heauenlie deitie for to kepe  
This is the chiefe grounde of my faith  
And ther vpon I take my death

What auailleth anie princely power  
yf God agreeth not them tyl  
For if the Lorde doth apointe the houre  
thei can not worke against his wil  
So that for me he doth preuente  
For to agre I do consente

Beare record now ye Christian al  
that see the ende of this mi life  
For helpe to none of you I cal  
But vnto God for mercie rise  
But this to you I calle and crye  
Witness a christian do I die

Forgene me al in this worlde wide  
and prate for me whiles I do liue  
For do mans lake tarleth the tide  
Therefore I do you al forgoe  
In the Lordes handes I do commend  
My spirite, and here I make an ende

Finis. ¶ Nicholas Balthorpe

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